

asm of the young Caesar for war sprang from the false ideas he had of glory. He thought that to make a noise in the world, to invade provinces,- to extend his empire and command armies was enough to win reputation/.' *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. The rape of Silesia is defended on the ground that it was necessary to give signs of vigour and resolution at the beginning of his reign in order to win respect for his nation. There is no loud boasting, but there is pride in his work. He was a soldier by necessity, not by taste. In describing the recovery of Prussia after the Seven Years War he remarks that all the Powers were almost equally exhausted.

The King of Prussia alone had ready money because he always had a year's supply in advance. Whatever may be thought of some of his methods, he deserves his tide of Frederick the Great, and he emerges a bigger man from Koser's monumental biography than from Carlyle's prolix glorification. In Napoleon's phrase, he was greatest at the worst moments.

When his formidable contemporary, Catherine the Great, passed away in 1795, her private papers were examined by her son, the Emperor Paul. A sealed envelope was found, bearing the words, "To his Imperial Highness, the Czarewicz and Grand Duke Paul, my dearly loved son," and containing reminiscences of her early life written in French in her own hand. They were published in London in 1859 by Alexander Herzen from one of the few copies which had circulated in secret. The story breaks off in the middle of a sentence in 1759, when the wife of the heir to the throne was thirty. Fragment though it is, it fills a substantial volume, and its intimate revelations give it a place of its own. From internal evidence it appears to have been written at long intervals or at any rate revised in later life.

The little princess of Anhalt-Zerbst,
transplanted to Russia
at the age of fourteen and married in her
sixteenth year,
adapted herself to her unfamiliar environment
with extraordinary courage. She quickly learned
Russian; she read
Plato and Tacitus, Montesquieu, Bayle, and
above all Voltaire;
she submitted dutifully to the instructions of the
unattractive
Empress Elizabeth; she bore with he*
drunken, brutal,
stinking, brainless, childish, unfaithful husband;
she made
herself agreeable to everybody, trying to
disarm hostility
where she could not win affection. It is a
repulsive story of
primitive savagery, of dirt and cold, of ceaseless
intrigue.
k Rjtsse et wus; trouvere^ k Tartars. She bore
it all